

How are you, conscript? How are you today?
You'll give us all a lock of your hair
Before you go away.

How are you, conscript? How are you my boy?
I hope you take it rather hard,
Since you're your mother's joy.

How are you, conscript? How are you today?
Have you got three hundred in greenbacks
To pony up and pay?"

In 1863, thinking that the war was over, and looking to the end, the whole was singing:

"When Johnnie comes marching home
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marching home."

"When This Cruel War is Over" was a
sung song both north and south, and was
particularly fruitful in parodies.

"Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the broccos tonight."

and the chorus,
"Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall!"

was one of the best songs of the period
one of the best sung since the war.
1864 has been growing in favor with the
and half a hundred grazied old veterans
sing it all night, alternating with "Mas
Thru Georgia," if you'll give them
chorus.

"We've been tenting tonight
On the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and the true
Who've left their homes
Others been wound long."

"Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the night
To see the dawn of peace."

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

The song of all songs, however, to the
cran soldier is "Marching Through Geo-

the production of Henry C. Work, in 1865 cannot wither nor become stale the influence of ways in which this song is served from the newsboy on the street to the robusto who sings campaign songs, and Gilmore's band to Dago organ the gay human and artificial instrumentalities with varying success. Since Sherman "mustered out" the "boys" have taken a anacholy delight in singing:

"Bring the good old bugle, boys,
We'll have another song;
Sing it with the spirit

That will start the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Ge-
How the darkies shouted
When they heard the joyful sound
How the turkeys gobbled
Which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes
Even started from the ground
While we were marching through Ge-
Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast."

So the saucy rebels said,
It was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgotten, alas!
To reckon with their host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we cleared a thoroughfare
For freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude
Three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain
While we were marching through Georgia.

The old general hated the song with

horror. And in Boston, where the 256 and over a hundred drum and life corps were in the reviewing stand where he stood for seven mortal hours listening to the never-ending din, the tail end of the tune played its last band fairly dove-tailing in with the old tune played by the next one in line. The general got wild and swore a great oath that he never would attend another musical encampment until every band in the States had signed an agreement to not march "Marching Through Georgia" in his presence. That was his last encampment. When the tune was played in his presence it faded, march, march, march.

The muffled drum's sad roll had beat
The soldier's last tattoo."

Massachusetts Battle Flags.
The following words from the lips
sturdy war governor of Massachusetts is
welcoming the surviving and returning
teers of the state are inscribed in the
of the state house of the commonweal
Massachusetts, where are enshrined the
flags:

"Those banners returned to the govern-
ment of the commonwealth through welcome
borne one by one out of this capital
more than four years of civil war, as sym-
bols of the nation to the commonwealth,
which the battalions of Massachusetts de-
livered to the fields. They came back again
hither by surviving representatives of the
heroic regiments and companies to which
were intrusted. Proud memories of
fields; sweet memories of valor and friend-
ship; memories of fraternal strife; tender
recollections of our fallen brothers and sons whose
eyes looked last upon their flaming folds;
sacred memories of a delusion and a dream.

human nature itself; unexampled by any
achievement of arms; immortal memories
immortal honors blended, twine around
splintered staves, weave themselves around
warp and woof of these familiar flags, war
begrimmed and baptized with blood."

— • • —

Arlington.
R. M. CARPENTER.

The tents that whitened Arlington have va
from the fields,
And plenty where the cannon stood a gold
vest yield;

The campfires gleam no more at night, and
the hurrying breezes come,
Without the blare of bagpipes or the beating
drum.
The rushes by the riverside thrill with the
bliss of being
And bend to kiss the ripples as the water
along;
The robins stray beneath the oaks, the partridge
calls its brood,
And whistles down the valleys with a song
renewed.
All through the widening rifts the grasses
growing green,
And autumn wild-flowers blossom where
the sun has been.

The days seem like a sunny dream, and night
gently down.
In silence, broken only by the murmur from
town.
But though the camps have vanished and the
are laid away,
An army waits upon the knolls in undisturb-
ed rest—
A legion without banners, that knows no
grave.
The waiting of the dead-march and a roll
of drums.
Here comrades that together strove, with all
their strength,
Lie side by side, in slumber that no breeze
can stir.

No shock can ever break their ranks, no bias
 columns thin,
 Nor one deserter leave the corps their grim
 musters in.
 Spring twines its garlands o'er their heads
 they never culd its flowers,
 And peaceful winter evenings bring to the
 army hand
 Tears fall at home; they heed them not, and
 more to earn
 The love that waited patiently to welcome
 return.
 Alas! what dreams of life and love have en-
 these ground!

How many hopes are buried in those little
mouths!
How many hearts have felt the pang the lips
never tell
And broken, striving to believe "He does
things well!"

"Is sweet to think the war is o'er; that all its
pain
Was measured for our chastening and not ours
in vain;
And dearer still it is to know that in the o
years
A nation's happiness will bless our offerings
our tears."

Gen. John W. Turner is said to have the only division commander who led his men on the day of the mine explosion, often known as the battle of the Crater, June 1864.

Gen. James A. Garfield was the young brigadier general in the service. He was it as colonel.

Gladstone said of the civil war. "I do believe history records a case in which internal dissensions of the country have produced such widespread calamity in earlier times beyond its borders as the American rebellion."